

# WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD OF ART



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Figure of Youth from the Fountain of Youth, by Edith Woodman Burroughs.

... the wide fields danced with each other, shouting aloud—  
"The horses are coming again to the green meadows. Make way, make way, for the great wild horses!"  
And the trees went leaping from horizon to horizon, shrieking and shrieking the news—  
From James Stephens' "Here Are Ladies."

**MAX LIEBERMAN** may be innocent, childlike and unsophisticated, but he doesn't look it. Those Machiavellian, Mephistophelian self-portraits of his rise to the surface of the exhibition of the Pan Press artists, in the Berlin Photographic Company gallery, and linger with you long after you have left the rooms. Max Lieberman is guileless and good, however, of that we are sure, and he is entirely worthy of the attention of our amateurs, but it is droll of him to have assumed such a cynical mask, is it not? What does he mean, do you suppose, by looking wicked and being good?

Clever dodge to attract European attention, is our explanation of the puzzle. You know Europeans are so different from us. Over there they consider that an artist must be a little, well, just a little out of the way, or he isn't an artist. Even in the days of the Renaissance, dear, peace-loving Benvenuto Cellini had to murder one or two people before he could convince any one that he had temperament. In Germany it is much the same to-day. The most astounding things are expected of artists.

The portrait in which Max rolls up his eyes at us beseechingly is a delightful blague. Why should he beseech us? He positively weeps at us, like Charles II. We have always wondered,

works ye shall be known." He paints and draws the most wholesome subjects, always, the child in the cradle, boys bathing, or horses. His most complete obsession is for H. R. H. the horse. Like *Portia's* Neapolitan prince, he scarcely talks of anything else. There's the "Saddle Horse" and the "Two Riders" and the "Rider on the Seashore" and the "Equipage" and "Rearing Horses" and many others, among which the superb polo drawings are included. We like the "Rearing Horses" best. The "Equipage" has been better done by Guys and even by Thackeray, but the "Rearing Horses" have something new in them, with a suggestion of the thing James Stephens was after in his prose poem, the primitive, unharmed, Garden of Edenlike freedom, so remote, alas, that not even a thoroughbred in these days dreams of it, the tradition surviving only among our most sensitive poets.

The polo etchings are managed with an uncanny, electric sort of dexterity. They seem to carry the expression of horse motion many degrees beyond the discoveries of Maybridge and give the impression too of being derived from a knowledge founded upon eye views. Maybridge in his mechanical and not literally true photographs, which have overpowered all of our draughtsmen, had just about destroyed our interest in the horse. Lieberman reawakens it.

Max Sievogt is the only other German etcher to show his face in this show. He too looks differently from what you might expect. He yearns after poetry, music and romance in his work. He does Don Juans with great elegance and simplicity. You might imagine he were Alfred de Musset come to life again. Instead, he tells you

Corinth, Gaul, Geiger, Hubner, Lehmbruck, Meid, Erna Frank and Rudolf Grossman.

These last two have been to Paris and have imbibed something of that spirit of flexible, roccosity that seems to be in the air there at present. Grossman unites it to wit. His "Cabaret," "Interior" and "Rue Berthe" are calculated not only to attract the eye of a Frenchman but to hold it. His little "Idyl" is a fine little thing. Both Grossman and Erna Frank will find themselves snapped into American portfolios if they don't watch out.

**T**HE annual exhibition of original sculpture by American women in the Gorham gallery has become the sculpture show of the year here. It reached that point last year and reaffirms it this year. The women have courage, hope and ideas. They dare to make experiments, they seem to enjoy their work and they do not appear to be frightened to death if it happens to be different from somebody else's. Would

Instead we respond like good little children at a Guignol with the proper feeling of awe at this charming little figure that seems to have been conjured into position by aid of incantation or prayer. So pure a little image of youth rising above the figures of the aged, compressed into primitive flatness upon the pedestal, gives out the idea of the sequence of eternal life. In the Middle Ages such a work would have been considered religious, and before this the pious would be kissing its toes for to be healing of their woes.

How much that medieval emotionalism must have helped sculpture! No wonder they carved so well. Nothing helps the actor so much as being absolutely sure of an audience. When you know that other people are going to believe in your statue you begin by believing in it yourself.

We understand that there is some emotionalism in California, and besides a strong natural instinct for the true in art among the people out there. They are said to be more responsive than any others of our peoples, save the Louisianians, who are very charming.

the graceful, swaying figure with its compositional relationship to the duck she is feeding is excellent.

Janet Scudder sends her newest fountain figure, a little girl in subtle, almost straight lines. Caroline Pedde-Ball, a bird fountain with three little figures holding up clusters of grapes beneath the basin; Olga Popoff Muller, a marble centaur carrying away a struggling nymph; Margaret Lawson, a "Chimpanzee with Kiki"; Mrs. Vonnob, a fountain figure, and Mrs. MacNiel, a statuette of an amusing little child.

**A**s a pendant to our last week's account of the International Art Show at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, a few notes upon some of the other paintings may be added.

Mr. Redfield's prize winning snow scene is backed up by a regular army of other snow scenes by other snow men. They are of an extraordinary namelessness and tameness. Only one in the exhibition has the merit of being different, and it is by a foreigner with a difficult name, Gustaf Adolf Flaestad of Sweden. It is painted in a decor-

soft, quiet color; his chief fun has been to make the path to the house lie flat, which it does perfectly.

The "Building of the House," by Alfred Withers of London, is a quiet painting, but a work of distinction. It reminds one of Muirhead Bone's etchings, probably because Bone takes the same breadth and power. Henry Bishop is another Londoner who sends modest canvases. His two little landscapes are the kind that pass unnoticed in a room of salon pictures, but have real qualities just the same.

Eduardo Chicharro, the Spaniard, has as long a list of medals as anybody and is also the director of the Spanish Academy at Rome, consequently it is no surprise to find that his "Fountain of Castle" are as hard as Hilda and Maggie, if not harder. Certainly they are edgier. Everything has an edge to it except the knife with which the old woman cuts bread. He makes his fellow countrymen out to be so ugly that it is painful to look at them. He did not get his medals for patriotism, we guess.

Wilfrid G. von Glehn's "Picnic" hangs in the same gallery with Heinrich Brune's "Picnic." It is hard luck for the former. His picture does not aim at etiquette, but achieves it. It shows what ought not to be done at picnics, and we are not referring to the woman in bathing tights, although she is distinctly out of place, so much as to the quantity of eatables and perspiration. Everybody knows that although a sufficiency of lemon meringue pie, cold fowl and raspberry shrub does very well at a real picnic, there must be too much of that sort of thing in a picture picnic. Heinrich Brune shows just how far one may go. Upon the ground, beside his two ladies and one man, there are one or two fruits and a glass. That's all, but a feast is suggested.

"Her Birthday," by John W. Alexander, one of the weak spots in the American division, is a fine, mawkishly treated and woefully drawn.

"Ginny as Infanta," by William Nicholson, a weak spot in the English division. Something radically wrong about Ginny's proportions. She is so small she resembles a marionette. Any humor that is intended misses fire, and so do the intended color harmonies.

## ART NEWS AND COMMENT.

**T**HE painted panel by Sano di Pietro of Siena, recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, shows the visit of the queen of Sheba to King Solomon. It is thus described by Mr. Burroughs in the museum's Bulletin:

"The picture is divided in two at the centre by a mullion; the preparation for the journey and the starting out are shown in the left hand compartment, the approach to Jerusalem and the reception of the Queen by Solomon in the compartment at the right. The city of Sheba occupies the upper left hand part of the composition. Within its walls one can see an open place where men carry boxes and bales, 'spices and gold in abundance and precious stones,' which they load upon camels. From the porch of her palace the Queen herself is tended by her ladies, oversees the packing, a respectful serving man with his hand at his hat taking her orders.

"The expedition is already in movement in another part of this same panel; the retinue is passing out of the city gate. Drawn by two white horses, the Queen sits under a dais on a four wheeled chariot large enough for her musicians as well, singing women playing harps and lutes, and two trumpeters. About her is the 'very great company' on foot or horseback, the soldiers and the people of her household. They wear the costumes of the artist's time, and very fitting and beautiful costumes they are. In front march the camels, guided by apes or negro boys perched on carpets spread over the bales with which they are loaded.

"It is a pleasant country they travel through, level in the foreground with queer, cone shaped hills beyond. There are glimpses of winding roads, an arched bridge over a little river emptying into an inlet of the sea, turreted castles and trees. All the party are happy in the delight of seeing the world; only the Queen is becomingly dignified, perhaps pondering the hard questions which will prove Solomon.

"The voyagers are not less lively at the journey's end in sight of Jerusalem. The trumpeters have now taken the position at the front of the car and are blowing out their greetings; the soldier shades his eyes from the splendor of the city; the attendants show the excitement of travellers who approach their destination. A car, not seen before, so they may face their Queen, is entering the gate. The townspeople have gathered in groups to see the sight, and the servants of the King, one of whom wears a turban, are hurrying out to welcome the strangers.

"Balancing the city of the Queen in the first panel is the view of Jerusalem in this. Within its walls the procession is seen winding through the streets. The loggia of Solomon's house is beyond, and here the courtiers have moved aside, leaving a clear space where Solomon, dressed like a great noble of fifteenth century Italy, steps forward to receive his guest. She has left her car and approaches reverently, two maids carrying her train, her ladies with her, and the crowd looking on from square and balcony.

"In this manner, with a hand practised in all the resources of his craft



Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Drawing by Stienlen.

What a pity that all of our sculptors who were chosen for the fair work were not shipped bodily to San Francisco, there to commune and be helped by this emotionalism when conceiving their designs! In that way a great deal of academic trash might have been spared these sensitive Californians.

Miss Anna Glenn and Mrs. Sara Morris Greene, who made successful debuts in these exhibitions last year, are again represented. Miss Glenn makes a distinct advance with her "Salome," a strong work with original features. The pose is modern and borrowed, no doubt, from some that were lately seen in opera. The medieval Salome did not lool upon the ground like that, but henceforth, of course, all our modern ones will. The features of this new Salome are heavy and cruel. She stretches forward gloating over the gruesome object, that the sculptor fortunately leaves to our imagination. Mrs. Greene's contribution is called "Aphrodite," but it has the air of being a mere study. It appears to follow the model too literally to give out a clear cut art idea. There is feeling in the drawing, however, as there always is in Mrs. Greene's work.

The other celebrity of last year, Miss Florence Lucius, shows the same group of dancing girls, the change being that now they are in brocade and as lively as ever. The newcomer of most promise this time appears to be Lila A. Wheelock, whose "Girl and Duck Fountain" has certain trivial defects but whose big qualities are all right. It is an expressive group, and the balance of

tive manner, showing the lower boughs of hemlocks weighed down by heavy recent snow, through which deep tracks of animals may be traced. He called it "Silence: Winter," and it is that. It is a picture that almost any one would take a pleasure in at first acquaintance, but whether it will last into permanent public favor may be doubted, for it is more than open to the suspicion of being tricky. If the photograph did not help Mr. Flaestad in the painting, it at least taught him what to look for, and for an artist to have a photograph even mentioned in his presence is certainly bad form. But great snow scenes are rare, it must be admitted. Painters who can command the grand style are inclined to shun snow for some reason.

"Hilda and Maggie," a picture of a young woman and a hound, won an honorable mention for George Spencer Watson of London. It excited a mild interest among the critics assembled for the private view, who could not decide which was which. Glendinning Keble of Pittsburgh insists that Hilda is not a dog name. We cannot see why not. But, at any rate, both Hilda and Maggie are painted in the Bellini manner, only much harder. Their color is negligible though bright.

About the cleverest landscape of American origin is W. L. Lathrop's "Old House in the Hills." It is so clever technically, in fact, that it does not shake one emotionally to a high pitch. It is like the work of Cazin, only, to be quite just, it is better than Cazin. His scheme is of the simplest, a roof top just showing over a hill in



Courtesy of Gorham Co.

"Salome," by Anna Glenn.



Courtesy of Berlin Photographic Co.

"Rearing Horses," by Lieberman.

Indeed, why Charles II. besought us in his portraits. Charles II. could do no wrong, stupid reports of the gossip to the contrary, and neither can Max Lieberman. Consequently it is very entertaining to have him pleading for our forgiveness in this fashion. We think we are not sure, but we think, that this beseeching portrait was intended for the American trade. At any rate it is sure of success here. A good selling name for it would be "Repentance."

His real and disinterested character is seen in his other etchings. "By your

himself, he's a fat, honest, healthy butcher's boy. Well, he certainly does Don Juans nicely.

The terrible Jules Pascin shows but three drawings, far too few. You must insist, however, upon seeing "Die Mordeten des Herrn Von Schnabelwopski" by Heine, with the Pascin drawings, which Mr. Birnbaum keeps in a glass case. Surely Pascin was born to do Heine drawings. But they are Heine and lots more besides, and very great works of genius. You mustn't miss them. Other German artists here represented are Barlach the rude, Behmer,

we could say this of the men sculptor, of America!

The place of honor in the gallery has been given to Mrs. Burroughs' "Figure of Youth," part of the "Fountain of Youth" by this sculptor, for the San Francisco fair. It well deserves this place of honor. No piece of sculpture that we have seen of those destined for the fair strikes us as being so fresh, spontaneous and artistic.

For once we are not confronted with a technical problem, nor called upon to discuss technique, which is the surest sign we know of that the work is real.

and with the attitude of mind of one who tells a story to children, has the artist pictured the journey of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon."

From our Paris correspondent we receive this account of the Salon:

"The 132d exhibition by the Society of French Artists, otherwise the 'Old Salon' (the salon for its adherents, has opened and produced an effect which ought to satisfy its directing body. The show has moved a critic belonging to the modern school to write: 'This Salon adequately corresponds to the low taste of the crowd. It is a direct emanation from universal suffrage and no difference exists between the mentality of those who have painted the works exhibited and those who come to look at them.'

"Another critic, of greater balance and wider views, calls it a refreshing contrast to many exhibitions that have preceded it in which the effort to be original and sensational has resulted in an involved and incoherent product. It encourages all healthy tendencies and new ideas, at the same time insisting upon workmanlike technique and adequate expression. This insistence upon the expression of orderly thought instead of uncontrollable emotion gives dignity to the average of works shown without handicapping their range or interest.

"The nude abounds in this salon, as it does each year, perhaps under the influence of the Honnor prize of \$500 awarded for the best example thereof, founded by the nephew of the artist who loved to paint his nude model with red hair. The critic of *Le Temps*, M. Thiebaud Sisson, points out a curious thing as being true of both the Old and New Salons this year. He remarks, and gives examples in support of his statement, that the young and old generations show vitality while the intermediate generation shows a lack of sincerity.

"A portrait of President Wilson by Louis Dube, a French Canadian, suggests that the artist was not favored with many personal sittings by the subject. Henri Royer's full length portrait of Ambassador Horrick is a splendid likeness. The Ambassador is shown with his back to his desk, on which is almost sitting, with an unlighted cigar in his hand. It is a genial, well painted picture of a man of whom no artist could complain as a model, and it will prove a welcome addition to any gallery if the Ambassador carries out his intention of not keeping it.

"Paul Chabas, the painter of 'September Morn,' repeats that picture with changes. There are now two little girls in the water trying to fish the moon's reflection on the misty lake. One stands in front of the other and both are posed that even a super-Cornstock will find no grounds to protest.

"One of Gilbert White's four decorations for the Connecticut State House occupies a place of honor at the head of the main staircase. Max Bohm's 'Springtime' is one of the most interesting pictures shown, blazing with light, fine in color and thoughtful composition. Richard Miller is one of the few foreigners that French critics condescend to notice, his two typical figure pieces being often singled out for praise in the salon reviews. One of Miller's many pupils, Raymond Neilson of New York, has two works on the line that fully deserve that honor. Miss M. Baymond Conant shows an able and distinguished portrait of herself. Harry van der Weyden's 'Bridge at dusk' is the finest thing he has yet produced, although his one man exhibition now open in a private gallery is full of excellent work.

"The exhibits this year total 5,747. The sculptors number 1,112; one showing a little girl nursing a doll, by Hugueite Vitez, astonished and shows the work of a girl not yet 15. Oil paintings number 2,076, sent in by 1,576 artists; etchings, eight of them are by sixty-seven Americans. Drawings and miniatures, 1,394; medallions, 139; architectural drawings, 293; engravings, 516, and 397 exhibits in applied arts make up the balance.

The original of the etching "Lower Manhattan," by W. Monk, given away with last Sunday's SUN, is one of four plates made by the artist for Arthur Ackermann & Son of 10 East Forty-sixth street, New York, and all proofs of the work, a limited number of which are for sale, were published by the firm.

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